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GROUPS IN MARBLE.

THE two groups which we here present to our readers, cannot certainly merit consideration on account of the novelty of their subject. There are scores of stories, old and new, about the fidelity of the dog, and what brave deeds dogs have done to save a master's child from harm. With mallet and chisel M. Lechesne has told such a story. Here the sportive child, with his huge, shaggy companion, half guardian, half playfellow, is attacked by a serpent. The scaly monster is ready for the fearful dart, and the boy's peril is imminent—the dog, with a look of mingled rage and terror, regards the reptile as if uncertain what to do. But the next group tells the end of it. There the serpent lies dead; the dog has not only "scotched" but killed him outright; and the child hangs upon the neck of his good friend, whose kind, gentle, loving look affords a fine

grew pale as Gelert, the hound, his boy's companion, bounded forth, while his lips and fangs ran blood; how Llewelyn sought his child, a fear at his heart that he dared not express, but sought in vain, and at last, in frantic rage, supposing the dog had devoured his little one, drew his sword and slew the creature as it fawned upon him; how the dying yell of the dog was echoed by an infant's cry, and concealed beneath a mangled heap he found his rosy boy unhurt, while underneath the couch a great wolf lay all torn and dead.

"Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!

For now the truth was clear.

The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir."

Something like this story, without its tragical ending, is



ATTACK AND ALARM.

contrast to his former expression. The story is simply and clearly told, and both designs are worthy of high praise.

As to the novelty of subject, painters and sculptors rarely invent. The creation of people and scenes is not their principal object. Commonly they are content to draw the subjects of their compositions from history, sacred or profane, legendary lore, or the imagination of the poet. They do not seek in this way to be original, but rather to present such scenes and such figures as may occasion the spectator at the first glance to say, "I know that subject;" it is their effort to seize upon what has already engaged the public mind, and to present it with new and unimagined beauties.

Everybody has heard of the fidelity of the dog. Deeply affecting is the story of Gelert. We remember how the Welsh prince followed the chase, and as the sun went down came home to his castle; how his heart was glad as he thought of his child, a bud of promise; but how he trembled and

that which these groups present. The devoted attachment of the dog to its owner is as true as it is interesting. His constant love is never chilled even by neglect; he cannot be estranged by ingratitude or harshness; he devotes his whole attention to his master, obeys his commands with docility and cheerfulness, tracks his steps, and watches his looks. Few companions are more pleasant than a canine favourite, and few indeed are the friends that are to be found more true and loyal. Who need be ashamed of speaking in the praise of the dog? Did not Alexander the Great erect a city in memory of one of these favourites? and Solon did not think it beneath him to record the fidelity of that dog who leapt upon the funeral pile of his master, and perished in the flames.

M. Lechesne has sculptured a high eulogium on the dog. The three actors in his drama he has designed with the utmost care, and finished with exquisite delicacy. In beautiful har-

mony are the positions of the child, the dog, and the serpent. Some of our readers may remember the plaster casts of these two subjects which were exhibited during 1851 in the English Crystal Palace, and for which a prize medal was awarded to the artist. At that time they attracted a great deal of attention, and people began to inquire about their sculptor, a young French artist just rising into fame.

Both groups are admirably adapted for the entrance of a park, a garden, or noble mansion. They are the fitting emblems of faithful guardianship. But in the present state of public taste it does not follow that a work of art should occupy the position which is most appropriate for it. Sculptors and painters both feel this alike. We do not yet thoroughly understand the utility of beauty. Sculpture and painting are regarded rather as ornamental than essential. Yet the culti-

vation of taste, the encouragement of all that can possibly contribute to that desirable end, is one of the most important works of the age. We have great, deep, serious lessons yet to earn in this particular; we are in danger of forgetting that philosophy which teaches us that the beautiful is the priest of the benevolent. When the Great Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-one was open in England, it was said that in sculpture—that formative art in which England has, on the whole, least of all distinguished herself, in which she is even less independent and less technically proficient than the rest of modern Europe—the stand she took was low indeed. In this there was much truth: French and German works threw her into the shade. Why was this?—how did it occur?—how long is the same thing to last? May not the same thing be said of America?



VICTORY AND GRATITUDE.

THE DEAD BRIDAL.

A VENETIAN TALE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE long twilight of the summer day was growing deeper and fainter, and the shadows of bastion and tower were disappearing in the thickening darkness of night, when two soldiers stood somewhat apart from their comrades who formed the night-watch at the western redoubt.

"This should be the spot designated, if my instructions be

accurate," said one of the two in a low voice; "and I think too, it must be pretty near the hour."

"Aye captain," replied the other, "I know the spot well. Of a dark night one might steal all along yonder marshy ground up to the very walls of the fort, unless they who were on guard had the eyes of owls or the ears of foxes."